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THE STRUGGLE.

I chanced once, upon the occasion of a visit to Paris, to ascend the Vendôme column for the purpose of contemplating the city from that lofty elevation.

How long I had been there I do not know, for the time passed very quickly, but I was aroused, after a while, by feeling a gentle tap upon my shoulder. At this touch, a little startled as I was, I turned and looked behind me. Near enough to admit of my touching him, had I desired to do so, I saw a man of grave and somber expression of countenance, and with a long, flowing, gray beard.

Almost immediately upon my observing him, he advanced to my side.

"Pardon," he said, "for thus interrupting your meditations. You are a stranger to Paris, I presume?"

"Yes."

"An Englishman, perhaps?"

"No. An American."

"Ah!"

Then he gazed at me with what seemed to me to be a curious expression in his eyes.

"This is a favorable place from which to view Paris," he continued in a grave manner as had marked his conduct from the beginning. "I sometimes come here myself; that is, when I get a chance to do so. The streets are too much crowded for comfort. But up at this height one feels free!"

"You, sir," I remarked, after a slight pause, "are of course, a Parisian?"

"At present, yes. I have for some time resided here, and in that sense I am a Parisian. Rather should I say however, that I am a cosmopolite."

"Indeed! Then, sir, you have been a great traveler, doubtless?"

"You have surmised correctly, sir," replied the stranger. "I have been everywhere—in every clime, among every people."

"You have been a great traveler," I said to him resuming the conversation; "may I ask whether you have ever been to America?"

"Often, very often! Of late years, however, I have not been on that continent."

"You have, doubtless, also visited Asia and Africa?" I continued.

"Those continents, too, have I also traversed. My fate has carried me everywhere, everywhere!"

"May I ask who you are, sir?" I said, curious to know the name of my strange interlocutor.

"Pardon!" he exclaimed, lifting his hand deprecatingly. "Let my name be unknown to you."

And I turned and began once more view the city spread out at my feet. A few moments of silence passed. Then the stranger, who I knew was watching me closely, although I was not looking at him directly—spoke again:

"Do you see that ancient-looking steeple to the left of us there—about three-quarters of a mile away? That, sir, is the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and from that belfry tolled the tocsin that sounded the fatal hour of the St. Bartholomew massacre."

I shuddered as he spoke.

"You tremble!" said the stranger eagerly.

"For a moment, sir, I trembled to think of that hour."

"Bah!" he continued. "It is nothing to think of it! You should have seen the spectacle!"

"Ah, that must have been horrible indeed!"

"It was horrible! I was there! I had just arrived in Paris from Asia Minor. The assassins who flocked in the streets of Paris that night, shouting 'Death to the Huguenots!' slew men women and children; but none of them slew me! I was anxious to die. I threw myself in their way, crying, 'Live the duke of Guise!' in order to provoke them to slay me! But they passed by. The death which I sought and yearned for was denied me!"

I turned, with a certain sense of horror, as I understood the fact that I was alone upon the Vendôme column with a madman.

"Ha!" I exclaimed with an involuntary frenzy, the result of my intense nervous excitement. "You, then, are the Wandering Jew?"

"Ay," the Wandering Jew! Look, now, still further to the left of us. Do you see that column that rises above the roofs of the houses? That is the column of July at the Place de la Revolution. There stood the guillotine during the first revolution. On that occasion, too, when blood ran in streams, I was in Paris. I thought that at last my hour had come. When heads were falling into the glory basket at every minute of the day, I stood, from morning to evening, at the foot of the guillotine, imploring them to place my head under the glistening knife. But the executioner rebuffed me, declaring that I was mad, and drove me from the death that I prayed for."

During this speech, having somewhat recovered my composure, I had rapidly made up my mind as to what course I should pursue. The madman had worked himself up to a paroxysm and was staring at me with the face of a fiend.

Before he had time to surmise my purpose, I made a sudden spring for the aperture, with the purpose of descending the spiral stairway; but quick as I was, the madman was no less expeditious, for he stretched forth his hand and clutched me around the waist.

"Let go your hold!" I shouted. "Why do you detain me?"

"You seek to escape me, then?" he replied in a hissing voice. "You shall now either throw me over the railing, or I will toss you from the column! Quick, make your choice! My life or yours! I would have death! Give it to me or die!"

Step by step, as he spoke, he dragged me to the railing—the only impediment

that preserved us from instant death. My efforts were made to elude his grasp and attain the stairway. His, to reach the balustrade which overlooked the street below.

After the lapse of a minute or two, spent in these struggles, the madman gradually forced me to the balustrade.

Then, as he cried exultingly: "Die, miserable man in your obstinacy!" I gave a loud cry to attract the attention of the passerby below me. I had clutched one of the railings, to which I held tenaciously.

They heard me and understood my appeal, and I saw, with a feeling of unspeakable thankfulness, that they were coming to my rescue. The hope of assistance gave me new strength.

I made one more effort to disengage myself from the vice-like hold of the madman, and as I succeeded in regaining my feet I heard the encouraging voices of the men rushing up the stairway!

One moment more and I saw them emerge from the aperture!

They sprang upon the madman and tore him from me, and in that instant, yielding to the reaction, I fainted and fell unconscious.

When I recovered my senses I was informed of the identity of the man who had so nearly succeeded in destroying me. He was a noted lunatic who had escaped two days before, from a neighboring mad-house, and the symptoms of his lunacy were, as the readers may surmise, that he was the veritable Wandering Jew, whom death could never reach.—New York News.

Rich Harvest for a Michigan Farmer

I have suffered for years with rheumatism, loss of appetite, and disordered blood, and after great expenditure of time and money had almost given up all hope of relief. Hearing of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, I grasped it as the last resort, and after using six bottles found almost entire relief. I am now able to work on my farm with ease, which I have not done in years, and I advise all persons suffering with rheumatism and other blood troubles, to try this medicine.

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Professor Orton has again put himself on record regarding the duration of the natural gas supply. In this paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on "Municipal Corporations and the Natural Gas Supply," he stated that there is not the slightest doubt that the natural gas supply in the Indiana and Ohio fields is not only exhaustible, but is rapidly and surely being exhausted.

He said he was yet to find a man conversant with existing facts who does entirely agree with him. The truth of this, Dr. Orton says, is incontrovertibly proven by facts to be easily gathered. The pressure of the gas in the wells in the Ohio and Indiana fields is steadily diminishing, the decrease already amounted to 30 or 40 per cent. In view of this, Dr. Orton urges the imperative necessity for cities and States to take action restricting the lavish and wasteful use of gas. Even the strictest regulations cannot prevent the exhaustion of the supply of gas in a few years, but may put off that exhaustion some time.—Findlay Courier.

In early days the schoolmaster 'boarded around' himself, but he shingled the boys.—Texas Siftings.

Physician: "I tell you there is no such disease as hydrophobia. It is all imagination." Unbelieving layman: "What does the word 'hydrophobia' mean?" Physician: "It means pre-natural dread of water." Unbelieving layman: "And you say there is no such disease? You should take a trip to Kentucky."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

While a roofer was at work on the roof of a school at Greenville, L. L., the other day he was overcome by the heat and rolled down the roof and over the edge. His suspender strap caught on a hook in the roof gutter and kept him from falling to the ground. He hung in mid air until his fellow workmen rescued him.

Dr. George F. Root, the composer of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and a hundred other famous songs, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his birth in Chicago recently. He wrote the famous song on the morning following Lincoln's second call for troops.

"Florida on Wheels" is the name of an interesting collection of the wines, woods, fruits, etc., of the Flowery state now on its way to the yet unlocated World's fair in Chicago. The exhibit is contained in a handsome railway car that goes from place to place.

Count von Moltke will be 90 years old should he survive until Oct. 26, and the German emperor says the day shall be kept as a national holiday. Von Moltke went into the military business in the Copenhagen barracks at the age of 13 years.

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